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THE STUDIO.

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IN ONE ACT.

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SCENES IN THE STUDIO.

[Act for three echaracters.]

[Time of representation, fifteen to twenty minutes.]

CHARACTERS.

MR FELIX GUMBO, *from the country.*

MR COLLODIAN, *a photographer.*

ADOLPHOS, *a boy up-at-all-fuss.*

TMP96-007184

COSTUMES.

Gumbo.--White beaver hat, queer shaped, nap rubbed the wrong way, red coat, rather short-skirted, broad plaid waistcoat cut low in the neck to show shirt of blue stripe on white ground a blue or green, battered umbrella, a large valise or carpet-bag crammed with paper, not to be opened.

Collodian.--1st dress, black trousers, white vest, dressing-gown and smoking-cap with tassel. 2nd dress, the same, with loose jacket, instead of dressing-gown.

Adolphus.--Page's suit with button and lace. bareheaded.

PROPERTIES.

Table up C., against flat, covered with fancy cloth, photographs of all sizes, smaller tables at R. and L. U. corners, with books and statuettes upon them. Chairs along flat, one R. front, one C. on line of 2nd grooves, carpet-bag and umbrella for Gumbo, long-handled broom in L. U. corner, exaggerated apparatus, consisting of tripod of mans highth, with camera, as follows., a plain, neat, box, 2 by 2 by 3 feet, placed horizontally placed the long way, circular hole in front, for tin tube (10 inches in diameter, one foot long), to which is a lid with a handle to remove and replace it at outer end, a slide opening made at same end of box to admit of a frame being passed into it and across it, black or dark blue baize cloth tacked to other end of box, which is open, in loose folds to hang down from the top edge, a shelf is fitted to the tripod R. side (facing audience), to hold a large pantomime watch with steel dog-chain to match, frame to fit slide-opening in camera, on which is placed for each performance, paper on which is rudely sketched two faces of the same size, one upright, the other a little transversely, a handful of flour ready in cup on table C. for Adolphus.

THE STUDIO.

SCENE, An Interior, rather nice parlor, pictures on the walls, statues in the corners, painted or natural. Closed in R. and L., with practical doors each side.

Adolphus. (*dusting table, etc.*) What's de use ob keepin' de place so nice lookin' when it's more dan a fortnight since a customer came in, and such a fort'nit wont happen again in a hurry. Oh! here's a muss. (*dusts chair R.*)

Col. (*enter R. D.*) Dont make the dust fly so Adolphus! We've too much diffikilty as it is in raising the wind and bringin' down the dust. Any one call?

Adol. Yes!

Col. Den dar is hopefulnessness!

Adol. Maybe dar is, but it was de landlord, who said dat dis studjoe stood yo' in too little for him to let you be left tenant anoder free quarters for nothin'.

Col. Nobody else? (R. C.)

Adol. Not a else. (L. C.)

Col. Den dar is no use a-strivin', I've sold ebberyting in de house 'cept de contents of dis room. I tell you what boy, as de public won't appreciate high art on de sixth story, we must de-seen' to dem, and make dem give us a chance.

Adol. 'Drather dey'd give us some change.

Col. Boy, if you want to know what a dinner looks like dis week, you must go down on de street and fotch up de very fust man what you can handle.

Adol. S'pose he won't be fotched?

Col. Leff go and lay by for a smaller one.

Adol. I'll do it! (*shakes his broom.*)

Col. I'll raise your cellary---

Adol. I cant raise any myself.

Col. You shall sleep on top ob de table, instid ob under it.

Adol. I'll fasten on de fust man, (*sets broom L. U. cor. taking attitude.*) Your likeness or your life.

(*Exit L. D.*)

Col. Can't say I wanted any urging to display my energy. If an artist like me can't get customers dis way, I'll get up a raffle, all the prizes blanks, and gamble off de tings from de cam-
e-ra obscura (and likely to go away still more obscurely). Hark!
(*hand on breast.*) Be still my heart be still. De boy's nailed
somebody, I must give him sixpence more a monf from this time
on. Here day come! (*to C.*) Now to change my suit for more
artistic habiliments.

(*Exit R. D.—great noise L.*)

(*trampling L.*)

Adol. *enters L. pulling* Gumbo, *to C.* Gumbo *umbrella in one*
hand, bag in other, fall over chair C. Sits up aghast.

Adol. Dar y'are.

Gumbo, (*rises, aside.*) Dar I are. Well dat's much is truff',
(*picks up bag &c.*) It's kinder scurious, I heard dey was werry
frien'ly in the big city, but I neber t'ought dis was de way dey
took 'em in. Is dis a hotel, boy?

Adol. Dis is a photomagraphic studjoe.

Gumbo. Eh?

Adol. Dis is &c.

Gumbo. Yes and I used to know him. Is he well?

Adol. Who?

Gum. Ole Stew Joe.

Adol. I said a photomagraphic stud-joe, A gallery.

Gum. And so dis is a gallery, I wonder that they will leff'
you behave so boy-stir-us here den. Why de ruff' is a winder!
Dat is kinder scurious.

Abol Dey take pictures here.

Gum. Do dey? (*hugs bag.*) I got an ile painting in my ridicule

an I'd like to behold de fust man take dat.

Adol. We dont take pictures dat way. You can have yourself delineated in any style you wish.

Gum. I would'nt have myself de-lin-in-ated in any tile but dis .

Adol. And at all prices. Hold on a bit till I tell my master.
(*exit R.*) Oh, Master ! here's a customer.

Gum. (*scared*) Dis is kinder scurious, Hullo, what's dis machine, I wonder—looks like a new fangled hash-cutter, only dont see no crank. Kinder scurious. (*to table*) Hullo, heyahs a lot of o' pictures, Jeerusaleminy, ain't dey pritty ! Whew here's a man wid two crowns to his head, why ha, ha, here's his name on it. De Emperum Lewis Napoleum. Did he come here to have his figger drew ? Kinder scurious.

Latest news, Dresses made lower dan eber, My, heyah's a pootier gal, I rader tink I'll keep dis one, All de young fellers does dat now a nd says---de gals gub it to 'um,

Enter Col. R.

Col. Ah, Oh, Hum.

Gumbo. (*starts*) Oh, Ah, Hum.

Col. Good---ah---morning.

Gum. Good arternoon dis ebenin', [*picture falls from hat, &c.*

Col. I see you was examining some of my specimens.

Gumbo. I wasn't touchin' you'r pepermints.

Col. Dey are quite at your service. I presume you have come for de purposes of---dat is---ah---um-----

Gumbo. Yes, dat's what brought me-----

Col. In a word, your likeness ?

Gum. Who's like-en-ess, or any oder letter ?

Col. I mean, you desire a portrait-----

Gum. A Poor-Trayt---ain't dat what you call a carc ature ?

Col. Shall it be a photograph by a vivid light ? I can lucify de room by a coil of magnesium wire-----

Gum. No, No, I don't want no lucifying round me. 'Sides my nuss gub me enuff magnesia in my earliest days for to las all froo my time.

Col. I don't recommend it, dough dar's a quack doggerty-pist t'oder side de way, who does. Ony las' week, he lighted up some ob de wire for a sitter—all at once de flames shot up and illuminated de studjoe till it was one broad glare of light. De sitter had just had absence ob mind enuff to spring to his feet and reach de door before——

Gumbo. Before—yes—yes.

Col. Before de wire burnt itself out.

Gumbo. Dat's kinder scurious. I don't tink I'll hab any ob de coil lit! (C.)

Col. (*aside*) Dat's lucky—not an inch in de house. (*aloud*) Which do you prefer—half-length or full-length? (R. C.)

Gumbo. Say dat ag'in! (*swinging umbrella.*)

Col. Half-length or full-length?

Gumbo. Fool-length? (*aside*) I gib fair warning, dar'll be a fight on dis spot if he goes on talking so much longer.

Col. Or a vignette?

Gumbo. A fig-net! I t'ought dey come ober in boxes!

Col. We could do you some nice ovals——

Gumbo. Thankee! I don't want none of your orful t'ings.

Col. Dar's de medallions, werry fashionable—five heads on a single sheet.

Gumbo. Five heads on a single sheet. Bress us. de double-bedded room is nowhar'.

Col. Or, a bust. now, dat's de ticket.

Gumbo. No. I'm temperince, and I neber go on busts now.

Col. I have it. You desire a Carte de Wisite.

Gumbo. A cart de wisit. Dat's de werry t'ing we does want. Dar's been a dead 'oss basking in de sun afront ob our house for de last century, and we've been wishing for a cart de wisit to take him in his strength away.

Col. You don't comprehend.

Gumbo. No. I come from Squam-Beach- super-Mare.

Col. No matter. You shall have your picture. Be so good as to take a chair. (*turns to R.*)

Gumbo. Which one?

Col. They're all the same.

Gumbo. Werry well. (*takes chair goes to L. D.*)

Adol. (*enters L. D., and stops Gumbo*) Look heyah, massa.

Col. (*to C.*) What do you mean by walking off with dat chair?

Gumbo. You gub it me.

Col. I tole you to take a chair and sot down. (*to R.*)

Gumbo. *sits in chair L. other chair in lap.*—Adol. *pulls it from him.*—Gumbo *springs to his feet, and dances wildly a few steps around Adolphus to frighten him, returns to L. front.*

Col. [*at camera R.*] Adolphus, 'pose de gembleman.

Gumbo. Keep your pose off. [*guarding himself with umbrella.*]—[Adol. gets broom from L. U. corner, comes down C. Combat.]—[He beats down Gumbo's guard, runs in, disarms him of umbrella, pushes him to chair L., forces him into seat.]

—Col. *at camera.*

(Gumbo suddenly perceives that the camera tube is levelled at him, and holds up his bag before his face).

[Adol. pulls bag from him, and flings it up L., kicks umbrella up L., and, behind Gumbo, holds him down in chair by shoulders.]—Gumbo *acts very nervously.*

Col. Go way boy, and leff de gembleman alone.

(Adol. knocks Gumbo's hat off, and goes off L. D., chased by Gumbo.)

Col. Will you get into the focus?

Gumbo. It's dat boy of your'n.

Col. Get into de focus!

Gumbo. Whar's de work'us?

(Col. X's to him, and brings him to L. front)---(Adol. enter L. D.--Col. forces Gumbo into chair L., when Adol. pulls away, and Gumbo is left on floor as Collodion turns away. Gumbo tries to strike Adolphus, who runs out L. D., seated on floor.)

Col. (at camera, looks over the box) Wharever is dat man! I leff him in de cha'r dis berry moment!

Gumbo *resumes seat.*)—Col. (waves his hand to him to move, —(Gumbo's business, still seated, of carrying chair with him up stage and down, in obedience to Collodion's gestures.)—Col. *beckons him.*—Gumbo *comes to C.*—Col. *waves him back.*

Gumbo. (hitches chair back till his head strikes the side-set, flat) Dis is kinder scurious!

Col. (beckons to him, having his head in the camera all the while.)—Gumbo (leaves his chair, and goes straight to the camera's front, when he looks into the tube. Sees Collodion's right hand waving up and down, and takes hold of it.—They shake hands for a moment.)

Col. (draws his head out of the camera angrily, collars Gumbo, and drives him back to L.)

Gumbo *remonstrates in pantomime.*

Col. Sit down, sir! and don't move ag'in! (X's to R., at camera, as before.)

Gumbo, (quiet for a brief space, has his attention directed up L. to his bag and umbrella. Leaves his chair cautiously for umbrella, and, by means of it, rakes the bag to him. He resumes his seat just as Collodion looks over top of camera to see where he had gone.)

Col. Will you keep quiet, sir! or shall I light de magnesium?

Gumbo [puts bag on chair, and sits on it, and assumes king-on-throne attitude, the umbrella open over his head.

Col. (*discovers this*) How dare you, sir, when I had you in position?

Gumbo. It's an imposition altogether? Ain't you cooked de portrait yet?

Col. Don't budge? I'm goin' to get de plate?

Gumbo. Fotch a tumbler an' some water—I'd rader drink dan eat.

Col. I'll be back in one second.

[*Exit, R. D.*

Gumbo. I'm kinder scurious what he's gone for. [*about to rise.*]

Col. [*enters R. D., with frame, which he puts into camera.*]
If you move, you'll spile all? I'm goin to fix de bath.

[*Exit, R. D.*]

Gumbo. Who is dey gw'ine to wash now?

Adol. *enters L. D., silently, spies Gumbo, chuckles, gets feather, and tickles Gumbo.*

Gumbo (*imagines that all his sensations are caused by the camera, Very restless, sneezes*) Ain't it drestful, dough? Pins and needles all ober? Oh! I feel kinder scurious!

Adol. *climbs on back of chair, and, leaning forward, looks down into Gumbo's face.*

Gumbo. *terrified*) Mussysakes! what dat! (*jumps up, but, recollecting, resumes his seat.*)—A PAUSE.—Adol. [*stands on his head L., and walks on his hands around in front of Gum.*]

Gumbo [*is staring at camera, and sees Adolphus's feet suddenly intervene. Starts up*) Murder! Oh, it's dat awful boy again. [*Chases Adolphus all around the stage, Adolphus kicking Gumbo's hat and bag, and running off L. D.*—Gumbo rushes back to chair, and sits as before.

Collodion (*enters R. D., quickly, looks at watch, slips the cover on the end of the tube, drops out the frame*) You kin move now? [*rushes out R. D.*]

Gumbo. Dat's one comfort! (*to C., looks around*) It's werry scurious? (*goes to R., examines camera*) Pooh! I don't b'liev it's much to do, arter all! Oh! (*sees watch*) Here's a maglorious ticker! If it wasn't for dat boy bein' on de sta'rs, I tink I'd play de Take-it-and-leave-Man! (*scratches his head*) I'd juss like to know weeder any man could'nt do it. S'pose I try my hand. In de words of de prophet Bulwig. "Dar's no sich word as fail!" (*puts his umbrella through bag handle. to to prop it upright on chair L., sticks his hat on top of umbrella, laughs. Goes to camera, puts head in*) I can't see suffin'? It

don't seem to work! (looks at watch, hammers it on camera, shakes it, looks into camera, again, waves his hand to the dummy on chair) No go! It's kinder seu-ri—oh! (discovers that the tube is covered) I forgot to take off de sasspan lid! (takes off cover; business with watch, etc., like Collodion's, only still more extravagant.)--(Adolphus enters stealthily L. D., goes to strike lat in chair L., when he discovers disappearance of Gumbo.---Spies him R., gets umbrella, X's to R., and strikes Gumbo, who, with his head in box, can offer no defence.---Gumbo cannot extricate himself.---Adolphus runs over L.---Collodion enters with picture, R. D.)

Collodion,

Gumbo,

Adolphus,

R.

C.

L.

Col. You moved! (*holds up picture.*)

Gumbo, Dat's kinder scurious! I neber so much as winked!

Col. I shall charge you double. It's a binograph!

Gumbo. I'll buy no graphs of you!

Col. Ten shillings single---double, one pound,

Gumbo. Only ten if dar was but de one head?

Col. Yes-----

(*Gumbo smashes framed paper over his head.---Adolphus flours his face.*)

CURTAIN.

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